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ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers.

ORCH QUARTET - RANGER'S SONG

ANNOUNCER: The mineral resources of the National Forests are open to entry and development under the mineral law. Prospectors are permitted to search for the minerals and to stake their claims and live on them while they develop the mineral deposits. Scattered through the national forests are many prospectors, a large part of them old men, who have spent their lives searching for the earth hidden treasures, always hoping and expecting to make the "big strike" very soon. These men, relics of a past generation, live isolated and secluded lives. They live alone in their little one-room mountain cabins shunning the society of people but upon the occasional visitor who happens along they shower a most generous hospitality no doubt born of a hunger for human companionship. There are a number of these old prospectors on the Pine Cone District. One of them known as "Irish Tom" is prospecting up in the Cloud Peak Country where Jerry plans to ride today. As we tune in at the Station Jim Robbins and Jerry Quick are discussing the trip. Here they are -

JIM: Jerry, I think we ought to make an inspection of the sheep range. Most of the bands are moving out down the driveway and it's a good thing to keep an eye on things. I don't want any more trouble like that we had with Larkins last week.

JERRY: Our regular permittees like Wilson and the rest of the fellows would never do a trick like that.

JIM: I would hate to think that any of them would but when the sheep are moving it's a good time for one of us to be on hand to see what is going on.

JERRY: Larkins still has his ewes up there.

JIM: Yeah - I'm going to see him out myself so I want you to ride the other allotments.

JERRY: All right. It's a nice time to ride that country.

JIM: Yes it is if you don't run into those cold fall rains with a mixture of fog and snow -

JERRY: (LAUGHS) Like that one I got into last fall with wilson's sheep in Bonanza Basin? - Boy, that was about the most disagreeable trip I ever had.

JIM: Yeah, that was the time Mary helped us break trail through the snow in Snow Drift Pass to get the sheep out.

JERRY: She certainly was a good scout on that trip. I'll never forget the way she rode Trinket into those snow drifts when our horses went down.

JIM: Yes Mary's a good rider - and a fine girl -

JERRY: (LAUGHS) You're telling me?

JIM: If you get an early start I think you can make that ride to the head of Wagon Canyon and back in one day.

JERRY: Yes, I guess I can. It may be a long day but I can make it. While Mary is visiting here I want to get home every night if I can. I wonder if she's up yet.

JIM: Yes, I heard her out in the kitchen a few minutes ago talking to Bess.

JERRY: Let's go see if those hot cakes are about ready.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

JIM: (COMING UP) How's breakfast, Bess?

MARY: Good morning Jerry.

JERRY: Good morning sweetheart. How did you sleep last night?

MARY: Oh, just grand. My, it seems so good to get back here for a few days.

BESS: Well, it certainly seems good to have you dear - doesn't it Jerry?

JERRY: (WARMLY) I'll say it does.

MARY: Are you going to stay home with me today, Jerry?

JERRY: Well - um - Gee, I can't Mary -

BESS: Where are you going?

JIM: I want him to go up to the sheep range back of Cloud Peak.

JERRY: But I'll be back tonight sweetheart.

MARY: I'm going with you.

JERRY: Oh, but you can't. I'd love to have you but really dear - it's a hard ride up there and back in a day -

MARY: If you can do it I can. I've been riding all summer. Trinket and I have made some long trips.

JERRY: But this time of year, Mary, one is liable to run into bad weather up there and besides it gets dark earlier now.

MARY: Why Jerry I believe you don't want me -

BESS: I should think you would be glad to have her along - I used to ride with Jim.

JERRY: I'd be tickled to have you go if it was an easier trip.

MARY: Well, of course I won't insist Jerry - I just thought we would enjoy the ride together but if you don't want -

JERRY: Oh, I do want you to go Mary but it's just -

MARY: Let's say nothing more about it Jerry. I'll stay here.

JERRY: What would you do Jim?

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Take her along. It's the only way to prove you are both right.

JERRY: All right. We'll have to get started as soon as we can.

BESS: Well, breakfast is ready -

(FADE OUT - MUSIC - FADE IN)

(HORSES GALLOPING - SLOW DOWN TO WALK)

MARY: Oh, isn't it glorious Jerry? I love the mountains at this time of year. Just look at those aspens - such brilliant colors.

JERRY: Yeah, it's great isn't it? It's lots of fun having you with me.

MARY: Yes, and to think you didn't want me to come.

JERRY: Oh, but I did. Only there is a chance we may ride into some nasty weather. Notice the fog hanging over Cloud Peak and the same on the Cathedral Peaks? We're going right up there between them.

MARY: What do we care for a little fog?

JERRY: Well, it may be raining and anyway it gets awful cold.

MARY: Well, I've got my saddle slicker. - It will keep me dry, so let's not worry. I'll beat you to that big rock with the tree growing on it.

JERRY: (SHOUTS) You're on!

(HORSES BREAK INTO SWIFT GALLOP) (FADE OUT - MUSIC - FADE IN WITH WIND BLOWING)

JERRY: (OFF - CALLS) Oh Mary-y-y!

MARY: Jerry-y-y here I am -

JERRY: (RIDING UP) Gosh I'm glad I found you. When you didn't answer my calls I thought you were lost.

MARY: But you only called once and I answered.

JERRY: Why sweetheart I called half a dozen times. Say, we've got to get down out of here, the fog is getting so thick we'll get lost.

MARY: Did you find the sheep camp?

JERRY: No, I never got to the top of the divide. It was so foggy I couldn't see a hundred feet and I was afraid I couldn't find my way back to you.

MARY: I put on my sweater and slicker while you were gone. It's getting real chilly.

JERRY: Well, let's start back. (SOUND OF HORSES WALKING BRISKLY) (OFF) Button your slicker up tight sweetheart. This fog is as wet as rain. Make Trinket keep up.

MARY: (COMING UP - HORSE TROTTING) Jerry do you think we are going in the right direction? It don't seem quite right to me.

JERRY: We must be going right - we're going down hill.

MARY: Yes, but we may be going into the wrong canyon where there isn't any trail.

JERRY: Well I'm giving Spark his head. We'll let him pick the route.

MARY: But supposing he fails to find the trail?

JERRY: He's more apt to find it than I am. I tried a minute ago to figure the directions. The only ones I am sure of is up and down. As long as Spark keeps going downhill I'm going to let him pick the trail.

MARY: Do you think we may get lost?

JERRY: (LAUGHS SHORTLY) So far as I'm concerned we're lost now but I think Spark can find the way. Notice how he holds his head down - like he was smelling his way --

MARY: Well, I hope he knows where he is going Jerry. It certainly doesn't seem right to me.

JERRY: Me either, but I have confidence in Spark. I've ridden him through this country so much he ought to know the way --

MARY: Wouldn't it be a joke if we did get lost and have people looking for us like you and Jim hunt for the lost tourists?

JERRY: Well, it wouldn't be so funny in this weather. That mist is almost a rain now. A couple of hours of this and we'll be soaking wet. (HORSES STOP) What's the matter Spark? Go on. Tsk! Tsk! Tsk!

(SOUND OF VIOLENT SHAKING OF HORSE AND RIDER WITH SLICKER)

MARY: Why Jerry, what on earth is the matter with him?

JERRY: Gosh, I don't know. He nearly shook the daylights out of me. (SHARPLY) Spark!. Go on Spark. Tsk, Tsk. (HORSES WALK)

MARY: Why do you suppose he shook himself like that?

JERRY: I dunno. He never did it before.

MARY: Maybe it's because he is cold and wet.

JERRY: Maybe he was trying to get his bearings. Did you notice how he pointed his ears and looked in one direction and then another?

MARY: Jerry, maybe he's lost.

(FADE OUT - MUSIC - FADE IN)

MARY: (VOICE SHAKING WITH CHILL) Oh, Jerry, I'm so cold.

JERRY: Whoa Spark - I should say you are cold. Here, I'll take off my coat - put it on under your slicker.

MARY: (TEETH CHATTERING) Oh, no, Jerry I can't do that - you'll freeze. Besides, my shoulders are dry.

JERRY: I don't see how they can be the way this rain is driving - I'm soaked.

MARY: I'll be all right Jerry. Really I will but I hope we can find the trail pretty soon.

JERRY: I think we must be pretty close to the road. When we find it we can ride faster. Come on Spark, let's go. Tsk, tsk. Come on. Gosh, I never knew him to walk so slow. Tsk Tsk. Go on! Spark! (THEN EXCITEDLY) Oh, Mary, here's a trail. See Spark just turned into it.

MARY: (SHIVERING) Oh, good!

JERRY: I wonder what trail this is? Oh, I know! It's Tom Collins' trail. Gosh, Mary his cabin is just a little ways.

MARY: Who is Tom Collins?

JERRY: Don't you know, Old Irish Tom? He's that old prospector that lives on the south end of Cloud Peak. Gosh, I thought we were way below this place. There's the cabin. See! There's smoke. (CALLS) Hey, Collins! Oh, Collins! Hello there!

COLLINS: (OFF) Hello yourself, who are ye? What d'ye want?

JERRY: This is Jerry Quick.

COLLINS: Jerry who?

JERRY: Jerry Quick the Ranger.

COLLINS: Ou! Ranger Quick (COMING UP) Well, I'll be blowed. What are ye doin' up here a day like this? And the missus with ye at that? Come away in where it's warm. Ye must be perished.

JERRY: We would like to go in and get warm and dry out a little. We got pretty wet.

COLLINS: Sure! Come away in. Oh here now let me help you Missus. I'll take ye right in me arms out of the saddle and put ye by the fire --

MARY: (PROTESTING) Oh Mr. Collins. I can get off --

COLLINS: Not a bit of it. Ye're cold an' wet an' stiff. I'll set ye down by the fire. Take the horses to the shed Ranger and pull the saddles off them.

JERRY: (OFF - LAUGHS) I'll be in in a minute Mary.

COLLINS: Oh, it's a terrible day to be out like this. (STAMPS INTO THE CABIN) Here, sit ye down and we'll have off those wet boots.

MARY: Oh, Mr. Collins you're too kind. I can take them off.

COLLINS: Not a bit of it. Just you rest back easy like. I'll tend to ye myself.

MARY: (VOICE TREMBLING WITH CHILL) You're much too kind - I'm not used to so much attention.

COLLINS: (GRUNTS) There! Could a boot hold more water along with a foot? (DROPS BOOT)

JERRY: (COMING IN - LAUGHS) Well, what's coming off here?

MARY: (LAUGHING WEAKLY) My boots.

COLLINS: Sit ye down ranger and pull off yours. Ye're as wet as she. It's a crazy time ye pick to ride out like this. (PULLS BOOT & DROPS IT) Now off with them stockings. Ye'll both have to soak ye're feet in the same tub. I have but one.

MARY & JERRY: (PROTEST IN UNISON) Oh, we'll just dry our feet by the stove. Never mind the tub.

COLLINS: (RATTLES THE TUB) Soak them ye must. It's the best prevention. There, I've hot water aplenty. (POURS WATER IN TUB)

JERRY: (LAUGHS) Well, if we must we will.

MARY: Oh, but Mr. Collins, I'm sure we're making you too much trouble I can't --

COLLINS: Never a bit of it. Ye're the first human being I've laid eyes on coming six weeks. There, put ye're feet in there, it's not too hot. Here, let's off wi' them stockin's.

MARY: (QUICKLY) Oh, I will, I'll take them off.

JERRY: (CHUCKLES)

COLLINS: Yes - now I'll get ye something to eat and hot to drink. Ye must be famished and near perished with the cold.

JERRY: Oh, don't bother about that Tom. We just want to get warm. We've got to ride to the Ranger Station tonight.

COLLINS: Never a step out of this cabin will ye go this night. It's clear dark now and ye'll never find yer way out and the poor Missus shiverin' like the ague. I'll fix you some supper - it won't be much - some sour dough and coffee, potaties and bacon- (RATTLES THE FRYING PAN ON THE STOVE) Not very much but plenty such as it is.

MARY: Can't I help you Mr. Collins? I can cook -

COLLINS: Not a bit of it. Keep yer feet in that tub and rest easy. Yer in no shape to be up workin' around. I'll be havin' more hot water for ye immediate.

JERRY: (ASIDE TO MARY) I guess we'll have to humor him. Let him have his way.

COLLINS: (OFF) Eh? What's that?

JERRY: We certainly appreciate your kindness Tom.

MARY: I'm afraid we are putting you to a lot of trouble.

COLLINS: No trouble a'tall. It's not often I have such fine vis'tors. I fear it's not much I have to offer. It's what I have all the time, ye can put up with it for one night.

JERRY: Oh, it's fine, Tom, and we sure appreciate your invitation but we can't stay all night. We'll have to ride on to the station.

COLLINS: Not a bit of it. I'll sleep in me big chair by the stove and ye and the missus can have me bunk. It's a wide bunk and ye'll find it comfortable.

JERRY: (CLEARS THROAT) Well, oh! You see, Tom, Miss Holloway is not my wife - she's -

COLLINS: Ou! Not yer Missus. Well then yez kin sleep on the floor.

(FADE OUT)

ANNOUNCER: (LAUGHS) Well, Jerry seems to be in for a hard bed tonight, but it's just one of those things that a ranger learns to take and like it. Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers will be with you again next Friday. This program was presented by the NBC with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.

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